

THE
BOOK OF
THE
PRESS CLUB

SCOOP
HOW

1915

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SOME PRESS CLUB REMINISCENCES

Sometimes dreams are gleams that one has had of pleasant things to ponder over, yet they are only dreams. Like would-be humorous burlesque, they are merely fancy and there's nothing in them. However, they are better than burlesque, generally, in the fact that they are human and come somewhere within the range of possibility.

Oldtime memories of the Press Club of Chicago, to one who has been here almost a lifetime, are pleasant to ponder upon. They seem dreamy and yet they are true. And the individual celebrities that they embrace: celebrities in so many branches of life, passing strange. I write of it all in the most desultory way, and yet casually, from memory.

From the night when Mark Twain, known to all the civilized world and greatly loved by nearly all of it; a character on the rolls of fame, first suggested the idea of the Press Club, at a banquet that was being given in honor of one of the greatest generals known to military history and afterward President of this wondrous republic, down to the night, a fortnight ago, when the club entertained the present Mayor of the city who was elected by the biggest majority ever given by its citizenry for any purpose, this story has been amazing.

Here once came the divine Patti to sing; Joe Jefferson told stories here; Murat Halstead and "Marse" Henry Waterson made speeches here; Bill Nye and James Whitcomb Riley hobnobbed with us fellows; President McKinley came and shook hands with us, and his Secretary of State, who had been the private secretary of Lincoln and who was afterwards Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, John Hay, author of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe," came with the President and introduced that exalted personage to all of us in his own charming way. Here came also, as guests of the club, Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, and Vice-President Fairbanks became a member of the club and wrote eloquently of its strength and character.

Here came Gentilly, who had photographed Arizona when the territory did not contain so many white folks as now occupy the Monadnock block. He brought with him an Indian boy, a full-blooded Apache that he had bought from an old Pima squaw for thirty dollars. He sent the boy to the public schools here, finished him at the Illinois University and this boy—Carlos Montezuma—graduated in a Chicago college of medicine and is today a successful practicing physician in this city. Robertson painted a life-size portrait of his Indian boy and called it "The Eagle's Last Flight." The picture is today the chief work of art in the club's collection.

Col. Cody—"Buffalo Bill"—who was often a visitor, took the boy Montezuma with him in the famous plainsman's first hall shows, that led to the "Wild West" exhibition.

Here came, during the World's Fair—the Columbian Exposition—the newspapermen of the world, talking all the languages since Babel, and Gee! what a bully lot they were. The dancers of the Midway Plaisance came here to cater to the club's guests, with them the original "Little Egypt," with

her sloe-black eyes and her sinuous and sensuous movements to the strange music of her land.

F. Marion Crawford, the necromancer of Mediterranean Romance, became familiar to us, and Henry Hudson Kitson, the sculptor, who carved Carmen Sylva and her royal husband in a studio prepared for him in the king's palace at Bucharest; who formed the colossal statue of Farragut for the Public Gardens at Boston; who has done hundreds of other world-famous pieces of sculpture and who married Theo. Ruggles, daughter of Gen. Ruggles of Civil War fame, and who, herself, became a famous sculptress as his pupil, was here then, one of us.

There was a night when Luther Laffin Mills, the brilliant jurist, delivered a sparkling and eloquent speech in praise of poets and poetry, especially the poets and poetry of the Press Club, which was then being exploited, and there was another night when John Ritchie shot the stuff out of the cuckoo clock because its cuckoo cuckooed just at the moment when he got a big and valuable "House" beaten by four pitiful little "deuces."

Frank Vanderlip, president of the biggest bank in America, was once president of the Press Club; dozens of Chicago-trained, Press Club members have gone into the world from this fold to teach newspaperdom, especially in New York and London. George Ade, Frank Baum, who made "The Wizard of Oz"; Frank Pixley, who wrote "The Burgomaster," "Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," and ever so many other successful plays and things, are members of the Chicago Press Club and so are Rex Beach, Opie Read, Forest Crissy, McCutcheon of "Graustark," McCutcheon of the cartoons, and Jack London.

William Jennings Bryan, when a candidate for President, was a member of this club, and is yet, though National Secretary of State. He has ever since had a room here and generally makes the club his home when in the city.

Professor Cho Yo, a distinguished Japanese scholar and scientist, came to the club, as a member, at the time of the World's Fair, and was ever after a person of interest and admiration. Only a few days ago he died in Texas and was brought back to this city by the club for interment in the Press Club's lot at Mt. Hope Cemetery.

Joseph and Samuel Medill, founders of the Chicago Tribune, Stanley Waterloo, author of "Ab," and a score more of successful books; Frank Wilkie, for years editor of the Chicago Times and author of many romances, were presidents of the club. Ben King, Eugene Field, Nixon Waterman, Charles Eugene Banks and many other famous poets, were, before some of them died and are, of those who still live, of this distinguished membership.

Many great artists, brilliant statesmen and orators, lawyers and jurists, painters, philosophers, manufacturers, publishers and musicians are of the life membership of the club, but of its back-bone and those who give it the atmosphere of newspaperdom and literature are the daily workers of the press, its reporters and special writers, the creators of fiction for the magazines and the men who make the pictures to illustrate the current doings of the world.

No pent up Utica controls this world of ours; we are in touch with the earth in this club-house of ours. The fire alarm, the telephone, the telegraph, the people of our ilk, the presses that these men write for and draw for, the news that they procure and convey, make them the propagandists, publicity producers, informants and fashionists of all that this vast city learns every day, and from them it flashes all over the broad expanse of the adjacent commonwealths.

In short the Press Club is a mighty big thing; heap bigger than I have time, space, capacity or inclination to tell you. Fact is this creed has barely touched the subject.

WM. LIGHTFOOT VISSCHER.

THE PRESS CLUB OF CHICAGO

ITS BIRTH

The suggestion for the organization of the Press Club of Chicago was made in 1879. In November of that year, General U. S. Grant, ex-president of the United States, having returned from a trip around the world, was entertained by the citizens of Chicago. A reception at McVicker's theater was one of the features of the entertainment, and to this many distinguished people from out of the city were bidden. Among this number was Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) one of America's most entertaining writers. Mr. Clemens met during his stay in the city many of his friends in the journalistic profession, including the late Franc B. Wilkie, of the *Times*, and Melville E. Stone, then of the *Daily News*. While these and others were enjoying an hour of social converse, Mr. Clemens asked: "Why is it you Chicago newspaper men do not have a club similar to the New York Press Club?"

The question precipitated a discussion of the subject in which all took part. Mr. Clemens was informed that Press Clubs had been organized here but they had fallen to pieces, and various reasons for this fact were given. Mr. Clemens believed Chicago could form a Press Club that would last and Mr. Franc B. Wilkie agreed with his eastern confrere. He said he would endeavor to interest Chicago journalists in the scheme, and Mr. Clemens urged such a course, and promised to do what he could to serve such an organization.

The scheme thus fathered made rapid headway. Messrs. Wilkie and Stone secured the services of Mr. W. K. Sullivan of the *Evening Journal*, and after several weeks of planning and discussing, a meeting was held at the club room of the Tremont House, in the afternoon of January 11, 1880, for the purpose of talking over the subject of organization. Sixteen journalists were present, and they organized by electing Mr. Wilkie president and Mr. Stone secretary. The discussion evidenced the fact that there was an unanimous sentiment in favor of organizing a club of newspaper men, and also that such organization should not be a failure.

The enthusiasm of those present indicated that desire to make the club a success would not be lacking, and the sixteen gentlemen signed their names to a temporary constitution, and, after appointing a committee to secure rooms, adjourned to meet at the Tremont House, on January 15. The *Tribune* of January 12, 1880, contained the following report of the meeting:

During the past few weeks several meetings of Chicago journalists have been held at the Tremont House to arrange for the formation of a "Press Club," and such an organization has finally been effected. The club was organized by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the election of temporary officers to serve until the regular annual meeting, which will be held at the same place, on Thursday afternoon, at 5 o'clock. The meetings have been thoroughly representative, and gentlemen connected with all the daily newspapers in Chicago have participated, so that the club starts under very favorable auspices. The thanks of the club are due and have been

formally extended to the proprietors of the Tremont House for the accommodations furnished the club.

Thursday following, January 15, another enthusiastic gathering of newspaper men, intent on making the Press Club movement a success, is recorded as held at the Tremont House. Twenty-four working journalists were present, all having signed the temporary constitution and thus become members of the organization. Mr. Wilkie again presided, and Mr. Stone acted as secretary. Everyone understood the object of the meeting, and but little time was spent in talk. Mr. Theodore Gestefeld, of the *Staats-Zeitung*, moved that the meeting proceed to ballot for officers for the ensuing year. The motion prevailed, and after nominations, and the usual talk which follows or precedes such phase of election matters, the result was announced as follows:

FOR PRESIDENT

Franc B. Wilkie, *The Times*.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

First—Guy Magee, *The Tribune*.

Second—W. T. Collins, *The Telegraph*.

Third—John F. Ballantyne, *The Inter Ocean*.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

Melville E. Stone.

The following were elected members of the Executive Committee:

Theo. Gestefeld, *Staats-Zeitung*.

W. K. Sullivan, *The Journal*.

James Maitland, *The Tribune*.

Joseph R. Dunlop, *The Times*.

T. C. MacMillan, *The Inter Ocean*.

The meeting adjourned until January 25, when it was agreed that the following persons should be classed as charter members of the club:

Melville E. Stone

T. C. MacMillan

F. O. Bennett

J. F. Ballantyne

Platt Lewis

W. P. Hanscom

Franc B. Wilkie

Jos. R. Dunlop

Theo. Gestefeld

Elwyn A. Barron

Thos. E. Burnside

Guy Magee

Rodney Welch

Henry F. Donovan

William T. Hall

W. T. Collins

C. A. Snowden

W. H. Hicks

W. K. Sullivan

W. B. Sullivan

John J. Flinn

James Maitland

Lawrence Hardy

John E. Wilkie

Sam V. Steele

The committee on rooms reported that two rooms could be procured, premises at 133 Clark street, where the Club remained for several years.

THE KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER

By RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Produced under direction of Benedict Papot, under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago.

As Mr. Frank Crane expresses it: Rabindranath Tagore is the Hindu poet and preacher to whom the Nobel Prize was recently awarded: . . .

"I would commend these volumes, and especially the one entitled 'Sadhana,' the collection of essays, to all intelligent readers. I know of nothing, except it be Maeterlinck, in the whole modern range of the literature of the inner life that can compare with them.

There are no preachers nor writers upon spiritual topics, whether in Europe or America, that have the depth of insight, the quickness of religious apprehension, combined with the intellectual honesty and scientific clearness of Tagore. . . .

Here is a book from a master, free as the air, with a mind universal as the sunshine. He writes, of course, from the standpoint of the Hindu. But, strange to say, his spirit and teaching come nearer to Jesus, as we find Him in the Gospels, than any modern Christian writer I know.

He does for the average reader what Bergson and Eucken are doing for scholars; he rescues the soul and its faculties from their enslavement to logic-chopping. He shows us the way back to Nature and her spiritual voices.

He rebukes our materialistic, wealth-mad, Western life with the dignity and authority of one of the old Hebrew prophets. . . .

He opens up the meaning of life. He makes us feel the redeeming fact that life is tremendous, a worth-while adventure. "Everything has sprung from immortal life and is vibrating with life. LIFE IS IMMENSE." . . .

Tagore is a great human being. His heart is warm with love. His thoughts are pure and high as the galaxy."

The King of the Dark Chamber is the most important play of Tagore. Couched in a form absolutely foreign to our own stage, lacking in what we call the dramatic element, it is nevertheless an intensely vital drama dealing with the ever present problem of the relation of the human being to the Deity, the attainment of inward peace.

Of course the play is symbolic, but its symbolism is so clear, so obvious, that the merest tyro will easily grasp its meaning. Three of the scenes are played in absolute darkness—within the dark chamber—the innermost recess of human consciousness, and The King of the Dark Chamber himself, while audible, is never seen. We may hear him, we may feel his presence, but we may never see him. The

dark chamber, so Tagore tells us, is situated deep down in the center of the earth and no lamp will ever be lighted there. It is symbolic of the innermost center of our being no philosophy will ever interpret for us. If we set out with this conception we shall find no difficulty in interpreting the drama.

The curtain rises upon the outskirts of the city at early dawn. A festival is to take place and strangers and town folks gossip about the King who is never seen. A rumor spreads that it is because he is hideous—others suspect that there is no King. Grandfather, however, a poor jovial begger, knows Him and defends Him always, though he has never seen him. He has his retinue of children, the blessed children who believe without seeing. But a mistake must have occurred somewhere, for the arrival of the King is heralded and he does indeed appear and is acclaimed by all but a very few who run to Grandfather for advice.

The second scene takes place in the dark chamber. Queen Sudarshana, obsessed by the darkness, cries out to her hand maiden Surangama for light. Full of youth and vitality, she cannot bear the suspense, cannot bear the idea of always meeting the King of The Dark Chamber, her husband, in his dark abode and when He comes at last she prays and entreats to such an extent that she is allowed the privilege of seeking him out from the turret of her palace during the festivities of the evening.

The third scene takes place in front of the pleasure garden. Foreign Kings have come to seek out Queen Sudarshana and attend the great festival. Among them the most prominent is the King of Kanchi. He represents the wealth, the power, the glory of the world. It takes him but a few moments to discover that the so-called King is a mere pretender, and but a few minutes to cow the pretender and make him his tool.

The fourth scene takes place upon the turret of the royal palace. Sudarshana is deprived of the aid of Surangama, the faithful maid, who knows the King and would not let her go astray. Left to her own resources, she spies the pretender and her whole being responds to the call of physical love. She sends Rohini, one of her maidens, to take a lotus leaf to the pretender as a token that she has recognized him. While Rohini is away on her mission she summons the children, who accompany Grandfather, and bids them sing to her. Their song awakens the spiritual side of her nature and already she regrets her forwardness and

is ashamed to have made advances. Upon Rohini's return her shame is enhanced by the fact that the pretender did not understand and had to be coached by Kanchi. But she is not victorious in the struggle. She bribes Rohini so as to obtain possession of the pretender's necklace, which Kanchi had given her as a reward for bringing the lotus leaf, and clasps it to her neck while bewailing her fate.

Scene five takes place before the pleasure house. It is dusk. The gardeners are running away. Questioned by Rohini they admit that they were warned by the King that they must leave. Other Kings appear trying to find a way out of the garden. An unnatural glow surrounds the earth. The birds are flying away and Rohini departs in quest of the King.

Scene six takes place at the door of the Queen's palace. It is dark and the red fire of a conflagration is lighting the scene. Kanchi has set fire to the woods. But the fire is now beyond control and Kanchi calls upon the pretender to show him the way out of the garden. Queen Sudarshana rushes out of the house into the arms of the pretender. But the pretender rudely repulses her, confesses that he is not the King and escapes with Kanchi. The Queen wishes to rush into the flame to wash out her shame, her longing and desire.

Scene seven brings us to the Dark Chamber. Sudarshana was saved. Saved from the physical flames by the intervention of the King of The Dark Chamber. She had her wish, she had a glimpse of Him, but alas! in her own words, "Terrible—Oh, it was terrible! I am afraid to think of what I saw. Black, black—O Thou wert black like everlasting night! I looked on Thee but for one instant. The blaze fell across Thy features—Thou wert like the awful night when a comet swings into our ken—and I closed my eyes—I could not look on Thee longer. Black as the storm cloud, black as the shoreless sea, with the spectral red of twilight on its waves!"

She confesses her love for another. Announces her determination to leave and is not detained by the King.

This might fitly be called the end of the first act.

Scene eight. Sudarshana's father announces to his prime minister his resolution not to receive his daughter as his daughter, but only as a servant.

Scene nine brings us to the inner apartment of the palace, where Queen Sudarshana opens her soul to Suran-gama and learns of the unworthiness of the man with whom she has fallen in love.

Scene ten. The Kings who have learned of Sudarshana's flight have followed her, and the King of Kanchi sends word to Sudarshana's father that he must yield his daughter to him. The other Kings arrive also and ready to fight one another for the possession of Sudarshana.

Scene eleven brings us back to the interior of the palace.

Sudarshana watches the fight and gradually comes to long for the King of The Dark Chamber, whom she has forsaken.

In scene twelve the master mind Kanchi reveals his plans to his tool, the pretender.

Scene thirteen brings us back to the inner chamber, where Queen Sudarshana renounces the pretender forever and implores the real King for mercy.

In scene fourteen the princes are gathered in a tent. They await the arrival of Queen Sudarshana. They have agreed among themselves to let Sudarshana choose one of them and that all others will abide by her choice. But a vague dread permeates the assembly and instead of Sudarshana it is Grandfather who appears and challenges all the Kings to fight in the name of his Master, The King of The Dark Chamber.

Scene fifteen—Once more in the inner chamber. The King has shattered the inimical forces and Sudarshana awaits him anxiously. But he does not come. He has gone. And even Grandfather cannot give her news of him. So she decides to remain by the window and wait—wait until the King does come. And this may well be considered the end of the second act.

Scene sixteen—We are back upon the road leading to the City of the King of The Dark Chamber. It is still dark, just before dawn and the King of Kanchi confesses to Grandfather that he is seeking the real King in all humility.

Scene seventeen, just before the break of day, shows us the Queen Sudarshana trudging on foot to seek the King. Her feet are sore and she is weary, but her heart is glad, for in renunciation and humility she has found peace and happiness. And the play ends with a short scene in the Dark Chamber, where we heard the King say: "Today I open the doors of this dark chamber—the game is finished! Come, come with me now, outside—into the light," to which Sudarshana answers: "First let me bow before the feet of my lord of darkness, my cruel, my terrible, my peerless one!"

The wonderful analysis of the character of Sudarshana, of the struggle of a soul between the earthly and the spiritual, makes this play one of the most refreshing and intellectual treats that we have had for a long time.

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Chicago

The King of the Dark Chamber

Cast of Characters

King of the Dark Chamber.....	Don Merrifield
Suvarna, the Pretender.....	Lee H. Barclay
Grandfather.....	J. H. Gilmour
Kanchi.....	Willis Hall
Koshala.....	James Nelson
Avanti.....	Redmond D. Flood
Vidarbha.....	Frank Cullen
Kalinga.....	F. T. Raymond
Oanchala.....	Edgard Murray, Jr.
Virat.....	Norman Meyer
King Kanya Kubja.....	Frank M. Readick
Minister.....	F. Bendtsen
Kumbha.....	Frank Bendtsen
Madav.....	R. T. Flood
Janardan.....	E. Murray, Jr.
Kaundilya.....	Frank M. Readick
First Man.....	F. T. Raymond
First Citizen.....	John Osgood
Second Citizen.....	Norman Meyer
Third Citizen.....	Frank Cullen
First Herald.....	Joseph Singer
Second Herald.....	Emmons Martia
City Guard.....	Albert W. Bryan
Soldiers, Doorkeepers, Messengers, Gardeners, etc.	
Queen Sudarshana.....	Miss Nannie Palmer
Surangama.....	Miss Audrey Gilmour
Kohini.....	Miss Beatrice Miller

Musical setting composed by Herbert E. Hyde, choir-master St. Peter's Church.

Solo sung by George Johnson.

Mr. Herbert E. Hyde will also furnish the organ obligato music to all the lyrics throughout the play.

Overture "Jubel," courtesy of Chicago Federation of Musicians.

The fine rugs used in this production have been kindly loaned to the Press Club by the Oriental rug and carpet importing house of Nahigian Brothers, 122 Wabash avenue.

The arboreal decorations are by courtesy of Vaughn's Seed Store.

We strive to do
as we please

The Weekly Wriggle

Largest Circulation
East of Streeterville

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 26

No. 41144

ROBBERY ON MAIN ST.

It becomes a sad duty to report a felonious act done in broad daylight right in the heart of our usually peaceful and law abiding community. When Perce Millar was about to close his well known and justly highly respected grocery at the corner of Main St. and Radonovitz alley on Sat., he counted the eggs that were on display outside the store and found that seven were stolen. He is anxious that the thief or dishonest person who abstracted them be apprehended or arrested. Fred Squibbs, who keeps the Simian Feed Store next door, is malicious enough to say the eggs hatched and wandered off into the wide, wide world. Such is a jealous disposition.

HOME GROWN PERSONALS

Farmer, cowboy, soldier and actor, Col. William Lightfoot Visscher, the genial host of the Oltimers' Inn, says he is going to write some poetry some day and have it printed. Good luck, Col. Go to it. There's never any telling what one can do till one tries. The Col. is the youngest man in spirit of all our acquaintance—that's no joke.

Fred Pelham says the dif between a second hand thing and an antique thing depends largely whether it is alive or not and which sex. Get him?

The appointment of Col. Phil Holland as chief of police gives general satisfaction. He is passing a subscription paper asking contributions for a new silver star, the one he is now wearing belonging to the ex-chief which is all bent up and badly chewed by a vicious goat who he was trying to apprehend.

The man with his head in the air had better watch out for open coal holes.

Buy your groceries and other household luxuries of Percy Miller, the one-sided, one-priced grocer. Also coffees, teas, sugar and cooking whisky.

EXTRA!!!

Just as we are going to press there comes a rumor that the King of the Dark Chamber is all lit up. Rather than cast any reflection on his majesty or cast anything at the cast itself, we will have the rumor verified or confirmed, or whatever it should be. The WRIGGLE never prints anything but the truth, the half truth and the naked truth.

Eugene Skinkle is putting in a new board sidewalk from his back kitchen door to the woodshed. Nothing too good for Gene, and damthexpense.

The Rt. Rev. Preston Bradley will preach at the Wilson Av. chapel next Sun. It will be his last serious sermon before his departure for the two California expositions. He has been appointed chaplain to the National Editorial Association during their trip and convention at San Fran. We can stand Brad's preaching quite well when he don't try to wake us up.

Frank W. Smith, Secy. of the little Corn Exchange Bank, is thinking some of buying a camera and taking some pictures. He says he always did have a hankering to do some photographing some time.

Freddy Partridge is going to speak a piece at the Third Floor Debating Society. It is entitled "Deuces Wild and Tame."

E. H. Norris was a visitor to our office and renewed his subscription. Come again, Eb, and bring your fair missus with you. E. H. and his wife were the first returners from the war zone when things bust loose abroad.

Ham Lewis hasn't been around these diggings much since he shed the "J." Whusser matter, Ham? Too much ham & ch?

Fresh Bait at the Red Front.

Miss Isodine De Lanie until recently cook lady at the Kismet boarding house on Soakwood Boulevard, wishes us to deny the statement that she was fired; the fact being that her services were dispensed with—merely that.

Mrs. Van W. writes from the farm that all the pickles she put up last fall have turned sour. Perhaps somebody with a sour disposition made faces at them.

Dr. Milton Franque, dentist, 2½ blocks from the Masonic. Concrete filling and stumps dynamited. High and low bridge work done. Hot and cold air used. Send your measurements and I will send you a set by mail. Fits guaranteed.

Stan Mitchell has been appointed Dog Commissioner under the new administration.

Buy your muzzles at Bert Pratt's Dog Biscuit Bazar. Nothing over ten cents. Something new in shelf paper and other kinds. Strictly cash or credit.

Geo. Weber has just returned from a trip around the world and the loop. He says he saw many sights, some of them almost strange.

Miss Flossie Flosser, who has been boarding at the swell De Jour, has went. She says the landlady's husband tried to hide in her room every time the dinner dishes had to be washed.

(We have a feller feeling for that landlady's husband.—Editor Weekly Wriggle.)

VILLAGE HAPS AND MISHAPS

Expert Ring Lardner refereed the boxing match out at George Wiggs' barn Thursday. We are waiting for the harrowing details to be brought in. Harry Moir is still running the hotel here. Room and bath 60 and 75 cents, meals extra.

Our By Wms. had a piece in a Warsaw (Ind.) paper shortly ago. If he keeps on with his lit, and practical talent some day he will be earning money at it. Advertise in The Wriggle.

Doc Frank Lydston Sundayed at Mike Girtens'. He reports the medical and surgery business fine.

Bert Listerine Taylor has got steady employment advertising the Ford automobile motor cars. He is doing well and deserves it. He has took desk room over the cemetery office. W. A. Patterson is working on the auction bridge.

Doc Frank, the painful dentist, was in town today. He was showing a fine line of new bridges and fillings. He says there is a perfect epidemic of toothaching on his way, and if business keeps on he will give us a fine advertising contract some day. Here's hoping, Doc.

P. S.—Doc Frank reports that Charley Schlytner, on his way, hit into a silver dollar so hard the other day, to see if it was good, that he broke a wisdom tooth, which Doc had to fix. The bill was said to be \$2.75. Better to have took in a bad dollar, Charley.

Jim Abbott has gone to Frisco to report the meeting of the International Rhum Players' Association. He will also read a paper by the Hon. Billy Knox on Simian Playing vs. Ledrized Holdouts.

Don't tell your troubles to a policeman (in this here town), unless you want to get run in. Tell 'em to us. We'll sympathize with you and try to get you to advertise 'em.

The Weekly Wriggle

OUR MOTTO:

"The Worst Is Yet to Come"

Entered as tenth class matter at the junk shop, corner West Adams street and Jackson boulevard, under Act of Providence, May 26, 1913.

Published semi-occasionally by The Wriggle Printing and Hand Laundry Co., Incorporated.

CHARLES LEDERER,

Editor and Janitor.

Office up two flights over the harness shop, branch office, 36 North Dearborn street.

Advertising rates strictly confidential and up to date.

Contributions if accepted will be paid for by the day, week or month.

Subscription, \$1.49 per annum, or what have you? Garden and poultry products must be recent.

All checks and other contributions must be signed with the writer's real name. We also do cobbling and carpet beating on request.

No connection with any other publication on earth, especially The Scoop.

TO OUR HIFALUTIN CONTEMPS

We ain't never pertended to be a literary cuss, but we are just as well satisfied as it is. We'd rather be able to root a piece of news out of its lair and give to an ever confiding public in our own understandable language. The editor of Sundale Spook says we are illiterate. S'pose we are! They never sent no one to jale for being illiterate or for not being able to print pusiyanimus correctly, did they? But we hustle for news and get it, while the editor of the Spook is wearing the very life out of his cane-seated swivel office chair spinning out Addisonian (whatever that is) phrases that no one but a L.L.D. or a B.A. just graduated, can understand. Just writing fine and not saying no nothing don't make a hit with us, now. We'd rather have folks say, "Say, that was a interestin' bit of news you printed last week about so and so," than to have old Highbrow Neverpay slap me on the back saying, "I want to congratulate you on the erudition and all around profoundness of your criticism of the Odes of the Bellikars of the Ungaupetorean period, but what, old chap, was it all about?"

Fine writing and no sense be — but what we were about to remark was, when in doubt renew your subscription to the Weekly Wriggle.

We are still wondering what Milton Hart's new machine is like. Rumor has it that it's a —, but we could never believe anything quite as bad as that.

A RETRACTIVE APOLOGY

We Wish to Make Public Retraction of our statement Last Week that Bean Haslik, the Frog-faced editor of the Bunting Budget, Resembled the Third Wart on the Tail of a Weak Minded Abyssinian Wart Hog. After Careful Reflection and Careful Inspection We are Constrained to Say that our steamed and parboiled contemptory resembles the FOURTH Wart on the left ear of said Abyssinian animal.

Hoping that this will set us right with the amiable and senile gent, we take this opportunity of renewing to him the assurance of a continuance of our distinguished consideration.

We defer expressing our choice or preference in the matter of the candidates for the various judicial positions at the coming election, June 7, until we hear from our advertising department. It is all right putting a cross on the ballot, but our second best motto is COME A CROSS. A hint to the wise is as good as a bat on the ear.

BETTER NEVER THAN LATE

He hurries in with manner gay,
Urged by an evil fate,
"The six-fifteen was 'bridged' today,"
He says, "and so I'm late!"

And then life seems a total loss.
The art of lying vain,
When coldly speaks his frowning boss:
"Yes? I was on that train?"

Select people should use Swift's wool soap exclusively.

The sure things usually are the other feller's.

APPROACHING INFLICTIONS.

The editor of this bum batch of stuff takes this means of stating—thereby saving much time and postage—that, Providence and collections permitting, he will visit, annoy and pester the following non-resident members of the Press Club of Chicago during his better-half-consented trip to the two coast expositions (under escort of the National Editorial Association):

Paul Howe, California,
Justin Brown, California, late of the Capper publications,
Frank Weatherbee, artist, California,
Dr. Elmore Pettyjohn, Topeka, Kans.
Mark Watson, San Diego,
Henry Lord Gay, Californian,
Et al., and then some, including also the following persons, to-wit:
Lou Bedford, San Francisco,
Cramer Shattuck, Portland,
Tom Prior, Los Angeles,
Russell J. Waters, Redlands,
S. M. Allen, Denver,
Mrs. Fanny A. Mitchell, Grey's Peak,
John W. Carson, Colorado.

A NEW BARN IS BEING BUILT

Frank Soc, Roderus has built another barn for the \$7,650 automobile he is thinking of buying. Tom Donnelly, the Diamond Merchant in the Press Club Building, who acted as Mr. Roderus' lawyer in the transaction, examined the title and pronounced it all right except for a few flaws, which would never be noticed except in a strong light.

NEWSPAPER BORES

The man who has a little joke
He wishes you to print
Will sit down softly by your side—
He never takes a hint:
And while you wish that he was in—
Well, Hades—for you do—
He'll whisper gently that he has
The very thing for you.

And when you tell him that it's old,
To print it would not pay;
He'll look at you contemptuously,
As much as if to say:
"Well, this man thinks he knows what's what,
But if I could not run
A better paper than he does,
I'd quit and buy a gun."

The man who wants to take a look—
A peep, and that is all,
At your exchanges, "now and then,"
Impresses you with gall;
But when he hangs around all day
And reads and looks quite bland,
It makes you swear in fact, it's more
Than any man can stand.

Likewise, the man who has a boy
From one year old to ten,
"The smartest youngster ever born,"
Will drop in now and then,
And when you fail to print the things
That little kid has said,
He'll keep right at you all the time
Until you wish you're dead.

Then there's the fiend with manuscript,
Who loves you more to death,
Who wants to read his little "secret"
Before you catch your breath,
And when you give it back to him
For reasons that are plain,
He begs and begs you to peruse
It over once again.

When there is left behind and we
Have shuffled off this coil,
I wonder if we'll meet up there,
Upon that golden soil,
The hoars that I have mentioned, and
The others that we know?
For if we should I'm very sure
I do not care to go.

—Tom Masson.

Mel Sykes, the popular maker of fine fotos has gone up at last—gone up to the 'steenth floor of the Stevens block on the Washash turnpike just north of the Madison road. Mel made a facsimile of the facial structure of the editor of this aggregation of illumination and bile once, and a fair lady gazed upon the picture and remarked, "Isn't it wonderful what a good photographer can do." And the worst of it all was that she meant it.

MEN'S FASHION NOTES

The Muskegon papers say that clothes will again be the proper thing for street wear this summer.

* * *

Men's trousers will still be in vogue, with lace insertion at the knee near the hip pocket.

* * *

Mayor Thompson has issued a proclamation to the effect that ear muffs may be now discarded even in our best circles.

* * *

A much better face lotion than can be bought in any drug store for ninety cents is prepared as follows: Glue 1 oz., one egg (at present prices a fresh one may be used), 1/4 lemon cream pie, 1/2 can Old Dutch Klemis, 2 oz. vitriol and a stewed prune, flavor to taste. It may be served hot or cold.

* * *

If you find hair in the butter, don't give the butter a shampoo, but shave it with the grain.

* * *

Shoes will be largely worn on the feet. Gentlemen with valets are ordering the breed of shoes that lace at the back.

* * *

Men's swagger dress suits for the summer will be cut with a large "V" in the back and front and will be entirely sleeveless. The more pronounced styles show the vest cut higher on one side than on the other. Our Mr. John Gorman says that the chinchilla stripes on the sides of trousers will be worn more than ever.

* * *

A very pretty combination belt and suspenders is (or are) being shown. The belt is lined with glue to ensure further stability.

* * *

Panama hats with detachable cuffs are no longer de trop. However, the hats and cuffs should be laundered separately, the latter without starch. Charley Dowst of the National Laundry Journal is authority for this.

* * *

By the way, there is this difference between a feller and a fellow. A feller is an ordinary mortal and a fellow is one who wears a wide silk ribbon to keep his eye-glasses attached to himself.

* * *

There is nothing that ever made us feel more "put out" than when our boarding house lady told us we "needn't come 'round no more."

The Weekly Wriggle

**EXTRY
EXTRA!**

Fire Feind's Frightful Toll

**EXTRA
EXTRY!**

Last night the rapacious fire feind stalked through our devoted town doing monstrous damage to one of our most highly respected and terribly afflicted citizens, a subscriber for nearly fifteen years.

Just as the moon was sinking in luxurious silence behind the tall poplars at the end of Main St., probably about 1 a. m., a faint glow might have been seen in Jan Jinsen's tailor shop. Above it, camly, unwontedly camly, sleeping was Henry Huppenfiller, who was batching it in the second floor of that two-story and basement edifice.

HE SMELLED SMOKE, Henry did.

Quicker than the eye, Henry dressed and busted out to the street and gave the alarm. Fire! Fire! he hissed shrilly, hoarsely.

Gene Morgan, our illustrious fire department, heard that alarm and soon was seen on the scene, fully equipped for the fray, helmet on head, fire ax in one hand and his famous and far reaching sterling silver-plated trumpet in the other (hand).

In the meantime the fire was fully under way and the bright empirium canopy of heaven was lighted up with the crimson tint of the all-devouring destroyer. Smoke poured out of that tailor shop in dense serrated but inflammatory columns.

At least a full score of white faced citizens—male and female—and the town marshal were soon on the scene, including the all pervading representative of the press in the person of the WRIGGLE reporter.

The damage was awful. A pair of splendid dress pants, the joint property of Louis and Edgar Blum, were already smouldering and rapidly approaching a total loss. They had unfortunately been left to be pressed only the day before. In the midst of peace we know not what is before us. Mert Wieland's prize sack suit (the one he wore at his wedding a week ago), almost ready for delivery after pressing, was consumed by the insatiable feind. Words fail us in expressing our deep sympathy with the losers and their friends and relatives.

If it had not had been for our splendid fire department much more damage would have been did. As it is the damage, not counting the building and lot, was \$163.75, which was not insured and which will fall on Mr. Jinsen and his erstwhile merry but discriminating and exclusive customers.

It took just one hour and twenty minutes for the stately structure of the Jinsen tailor shop to become a mass of charred rafters, window sills, door frames, mop boards, two-by-fours, etc etc etc. Had it not been for the heroism of the noble fire chief, Gene Morgan, the place would have burned down in 45 minutes.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above description was written by our little cub reporter Gilman Parker who, being short, could not see above the heads of the crowds. So he had to return to the WRIGGLE office almost as short of particulars as he is himself. Also being so late and we going to press we didn't have no time to read copy and make the usual corrections because we aim to retain the WRIGGLE's unexamined reputation for being fussy about grammar and our English and spelling and punctuation are such. But in the hasty excitement we have mislaid our dictionary and are laboring at a disadvantage on this acct.

Be sides when laboring under great excitement we are all more or less

apt to get our language all mussed up. And moreover, be sides, even at this late moment we are requested to apologize to Gilman's mother, Mrs. Mary Moncre Parker, for keeping her boy out so late, he being used to going to bed one or two hours after supper time. "I did not raise my boy to be a night owl!" hollered she, sobbingly. With these few facts we close the discussion and the forms.

Too Late to Classify

Jensen The Phoenix Tailor
Clothes & Suits made to order or on hand
New Stock nEW location New Styles
new PRICES to sUit ALL with Suits mr.
Jen JeNsen having Renled
NeW quarTers
in front of the non-Such LiveRy St-
ables

IS prepared to Meet aLL CuStomers
as of Old. the laTe hoLocost don't affeCt
the prlces of my goods, patronize jens-
en the fireRoof Tailor. rEpaRinG &
presSing.

PURELY PERSONAL

Charley Gotthart, late of the "World's Greatest" staff is trying to wean Jimmy Durkin, Esq., of the Trib., from a growing desire to play the game of rum or rummy, whichever the soul destroying game is.

* * *

Secretary George Schlosser of the National Editorial Association writes us that Arthur Glessner is going on the trip to San Francisco and San Diego. Arthur will be the life and sole of the trip and a joy to all holders with that gorgeous new black moustache of his.

* * *

The editor has been invited to address the Juggville Y. M. G. A. on the evils of Rum(my).

* * *

Frank Kipler promised us a poem for this issue, but we guess it got sidetracked or the meter got wrong or something, so we got to go without it, and some evil-minded person or persons might say we don't miss much. Nevertheless Frank is our favorit pote.

Sam Small, of the Examiner, never tried to save a soul and very seldom lays up a cent some days, at least so we are informed by his industrious and illustrious confrere and biographer, R. C. Cornell. (Confrere means that he works on the same paper.)

* * *

Dave C. Clarkson is thinking of putting in a line of books in addition to other stock in his general store. Look out, Dave, don't branch out too fast. Most every family has got a book already. It don't pay to have a lot of goods on hand that you can't maybe never sell—

UNLESS YOU ADVERTISE
IN THE WEEKLY WRIG-
GLE.

* * *

Envious and sordid minded persons are poking fun at ye ed. because he cut the brush off his upper lip. If said persons would mind their own business and not try to make ye ed.'s wife think she's married to a man who is the exact counterpart of a Sardinian train robber we'd be everlastingly sufficient-ly obliged.

OUR WATCHES

are guaranteed to last a lifetime, if you don't
live too long. For sale at

THE FEED STORE RESTAURANT

Eat at our place, but die happy at home.

The Weekly Wriggle

SHROYERVILLE CORRESPONDENCE

Our well known undertaker Walt Washburne was to have given a fish chowder dinner last Wednesday. Fifteen invitations were out and a good time would have been had by all, but Stan Mitchell who runs the popular meat, fish and hair dressing establishment on Main street was all out of fish all week, so the dinner was called off after the guests had arrived. Among those present was Walter Wood and all his family and the family preacher and a dozen others.

Rudy Berliner gave a bass drum solo on the village green Sat.

Lawyer John A. Brown went hunting last Tues., but didn't have much luck. He shot Frank Comerfords cow near the black-bury patch. Comerford has hired Squire Geo. S. Foster to have the law on him if he don't pay for the damage done that cow. Better luck next time, John. The cow is said to be not giving as good milk as per usual.

Milton Hart has got a automobile. Nobody hain't seen it yet as he is practicing it all by him self in the back lots till the automobile gets used to him. It is said to be some larger than a ford.

Thurber N. Cushing was a Shroyerville visitor last week. He is taking up music and voice culture under instruction of Prof. Richard Henry Little at his home town.

Col. Will G. Edens was way down to New York and has returned. He states he nearly saw a man of war cruiser in the bay or river at that great metropolis.

Banker-Poet Harry Ashley has wrote some more poetry, but your cor. hain't read it yet. There's some days we can read poetry and there's some days we can't. We got to be feeling right well when we do.

Dr. Wm. Fredk. Nutt, dealer in gimeracks, real Ann Teek curios and umbrellas as low as \$1. Up stairs in the Stevens block State street near the Madison road. The motto of his goods is, "Age is no disgrace."

Jim Lowder went to pay his respects to Reporter Wieland of the Herald and his bride of a week the other evening and on coming away from the Wieland residence was promptly pinched by an overvigilant cop-

per who thought he was getting away with some of the gorgous wedding presents. The policeman frisked Jim to see what he had on him and finding nothing let him go. Jim says he is glad he resisted temptation.

Opie Read and Will Visscher are thinking of opening a regular book, vegetable and stationery store out at Three-and-a-half corners. They expect to do a good business as there are several debating and Shakespeare societies and clubs out that way. We wish 'em success notwithstanding our doubts.

* * *

Harry Shroyer, the founder of this place was offered a job canvassing for a New York book concern last week. He is finding out if the concern is responsible before accepting the job. It pays to be cautious. Harry is said to have been bit quite bad recently while canvassing for "The Lives of the Great Mayors."

The man with settled ways often does it on a basis of ten cents on the dollar, says Harry Barton Bogg, the well-known South Side philosopher and packing house man.

BACK AGAIN, AGAIN, AGAIN

Here I am in town once more, and, like a mariner ashore, I'm doing all that can be done to get my share of any fun that may be going on in this adorable metropolis. For, after all is said and done, there's not a single place—not one—on all the earth (so note it down) that can compete with this old town. And, like that mariner absurd, to whom I have above referred, whose sum of stipulated pay accumulates while he's away; and who, as soon as he's returned to claim the wages he has earned, and feels the locker full of shot, proceeds at once to blow the lot; so I, who take my yearly trip by road, or rail, or creaky ship, and spend a portion of my wealth in laying in a stock of health, as soon as I return to town (just tinted to a pleasant brown) I hasten—need it be explained?—disburbing quickly all I've gained. I rush wherever pleasure calls, to theatres and music halls, to clubs, to spots where beauty throngs, to swimming baths and restaurants—in short, from morning until late, in every-

thing participate by which I can express my joy at being here once more, my boy. For, whatsoever be the dream indulged by other folks, the cream of holidays, I will maintain, consists in getting back again.

B. U. T.

LOCAL NEWS

The Rogers-Hall Company are figuring on putting in a steam printing press.

John Fay, the well knownst antiquarium, is writing a scenario for a moving picture play in which he introduces some soundless Abyssinian folk songs. The crooning is shown by the movements of the actor's lips. The road to success is to advertise in the Weekly Wriggle.

The Continental and Commercial National Bank are thinking of putting in an extra paying teller, making three in all. This is getting to be some commercial center.

Expressing done reliable and cheap. Apply to Bill Gourlay across from the Palace Barber Shop.

Ed Clipson, who runs the delicatessen store and pressing club on Debus street, is putting in some shower baths for the benefit of those who wait while the pressing is being done. Also he is having the south walls frescoed in natural water colors.

Horlick's milk shakers at Doc Hoelscher's drug store.

* * *

Old Doc J. L. Quinlan has been busy pulling some old stumps on his place out at Calumet.

They take everything out except the buttonholes at Charley Dowst's laundry on Ann street. One trial will suffice.

Paul Williams, who does the Associated Press at Springfield, Sunday here with a charming new suit on. It is a perfect fit, all except the coat, pants and vest. Paul is getting to be quite a dude and speaks of 'em as "trousers."

Charley Comisky has a fine line of bats, baseballs and other paraphernalia on sale now.

Our very own Ed Maher is running on the non-partisan ticket for circuit judge, Cook County, State of Illinois, U. S. of North America, amen. Aside from the fact that he is president of the lawyers' association, is very good looking for a male, is a member of the Board of Managers of the Chicago Law Institute, is always full of good humor, member of the Illinois State Bar Association, is a crackerjack story teller and a member of the Chicago Society of Advocates, we know nothing against him.

Get your bean fitted for a new lid at Senator Grady's store on 22nd street.

George Lincoln, the well-known linotype and stock operator, is busy on his new invention, an aquatic automobile. He showed us the model the other day. Just by a slight change that a child of 37 could make, the automobile is transferred from a motor car into a motor boat. He is going to call it a yachtmobile.

Some new shirts shown at the George and Fred Dunham Emporium.

It is strange that George should have invented this, as he just hates the sight of an automobile, and says even if he should get rich beyond the dreams of average he would not own one.

If you are not going anywhere in particular, why not use the

Freestone Railroad

JIMMY DURKIN

Sole Owner

Passengers shipped to all points.
Round and square
trip tickets

The Weekly Wriggle

WHAT OUR LOCAL PHILOSOPHERS SAY

Some husbands say nice things to their wives' faces and others wait to say 'em on the tombstones after they (the wives, not the husbands) are dead.—From Gems of Thought by Ed Picard.

* * *

We would rather have a well cooked meal served on an oil cloth covered table than a poor one served on the finest damask. (Pat. applied for.)—George C. Bastian.

* * *

Some sportsmen are never fatal to anything except time.—John E. Bacon (No relation to the gent who wrote Shakspeare).

* * *

When between the devil and the deep sea stand pat, says W. A. Patterson, managing editor of the Western Newspaper Union, who is stopping at the Sawdoff.

* * *

"I know a man who has a wishbone where his backbone ought to be," says Karl McVitty in his "Annals of the Small."

* * *

The feller that never bites may never get the hook, but he's apt to go hungry some of the time.—Philosophications of J. B. Mansfield.

* * *

They say lightning won't strike twice in the same place. That's because there generally ain't anything there worth striking at.—Bert Yarwood.

* * *

There are two things that ain't much use when they're slow and sure—a watch and a race horse.—Fred S. Miller, late lamented scribe of the Publishers' Club.

THE NEW CANUTE

By Chris Cross

There was once an Emperor who was the father of his country. He was also the grandmother and the great-aunt of his country, and it was almost more than his country could bear. He was a good and a brave and a very young man, and he acted up to his lights; but they were ancient lights, and he was not much of an actor. However, he did his best for the best with the best inten-

tions. He couldn't do more, and his country was very glad—that he couldn't. He made the most beautiful speeches out of his own head, and let them off in public to his own satisfaction. He also composed his own music, and had it played by his own marine bands, and it almost caused a revolution. He brought up a large army entirely by hand, and it did him credit; and his poor but honest country paid for it entirely through the nose, and enjoyed it immensely. He was very pleasant and affable to his country, and was anxious that his country should love him and think well of his government, and his country tried to but thought better of it, which was not quite the same thing.

Well, this Emperor had a very select and high-toned nobility, that twined round his throne, and supported his house, and hung upon his word, and wore his livery, and came at his call, and laughed in his sleeve, and did many other wonderful things for him, and on his behalf. Now, one day this superior but obsequious nobility happened to mention casually that it had a soul at home which didn't belong to the Emperor. And the Emperor was wroth, and asked himself to a dinner party to be given by his nobility to himself. And he came to the dinner party, and he drank his own health, and spoke his mind to his nobility, and he utterly denied that it had a soul of its own. It was his soul, and it was a high and a noble soul, and a good old soul, and a poor old soul. And he shed tears, and said that he wouldn't have thought that his nobility would have gone and said what it had said; that he should never forget it, never, but that he forgave it, and hoped it wouldn't occur again. And he blessed his nobility, and called for another bottle, and broke a decanter in its earnestness. And then they all sang "Auld Lang Syne," and were very happy, especially the Emperor.

But, although forgiven by its Emperor, the nobility couldn't forgive itself. It felt that it had stained its escutcheon, and it determined to wipe away the stain. So it rallied round its Emperor, and cheered him up, and toasted him, and buttered him, until even he began to recognize what a very fine fellow

he was. At length his nobility went so far as to tell him that his greatness was such that even the waves obeyed him. So he sat down before the waves of popular opinion and ordered them to roll back. But, to his intense surprise and annoyance, they rolled on, and, as his nobility justly said: "How were they to know he couldn't swim?"

And the moral is—Well, it just shows you!

LOCAL BREVITIES

A. Milo Bennett, Jr., who recently joined the Apollo Uncle Tom's Cabin Troupe, is back in town. The company had real scenery and four sure enough bloodhounds. But at Sudsville the canines ran away and were caught by the town marshal and put in the pound. The charges for their board and lodging in that institution exceeded the balance in the troupe treasury by more than 40 cents, so the company disbanded. A. Milo is back at the old homestead on Edgcomb place.

Bill Hale Thompson still has some offices to let. See him at the Town Hall.

George Washington Weippert was in town yest, with plans for a new moving pict. show theater. He says there is money in the business if you don't pay the janitor too much salary. Mr. Weippert started business as a gambler, making as much as \$1.47 in a single year of fleecing his fellow members of the Press Club at a terrible wicked game called rummy, the "h" being silent as in cow.

They say Carrie Jacobs Bond has writ some new songs right out of her own head. They should be heard to be appreciated.

OPERATED ON!

Old Doc Atkinson operated on William H. Van Gilder's farm hand last week. Doc gave him chloroform and then cut out the farm hand's booze. He also found a puncture of the inner tube and a loose clutch. It was a beautiful operation from a professional standpoint and very successful. Farmer Van Gilder buried his farm hand Tuesday afternoon.

BROUGHT TO JUSTICE

Bill Van Gilder, alias the "Hammock Farmer," alias the "Only Farmer in the Press Club," is out on bonds again. He is accused of buunking a poor innocent guileless unsophisticated city man named Fred Dunham, who came to this town to dispose of his crop of wild oats. Well, anyway, Bill is accused of trying to sell Mr. Dunham the town pump, show him the hole in the wall and induce him to go over to Charley Smith's place and see the silo go 'round. Judge George M. Weichert, in holding Bill over to the grand jury, says a example must be made of such men who take advantage of the sucker within our gates. Chief of Police Phil Holland, who made the arrest, says he is going to clean up the town so that it will be safe for the biggest mut that ever came out of Chicago. Take politics out of the police and what have you? is the slogan of our new administration.

Gladiolus Bulbs

Our "Princes" wonderful decorative scarlet "Ruffled," the New Class Vaughan's "Rainbow" Mixed, each different Parisian Blue and Lavender our introduction—most of these not obtainable elsewhere.

Mexican Morning Glory Vine

A most wonderful flowering climber, growing 20 to 30 feet, in full flower daily from midsummer till frost, pink, lavender color, strong root, 25c.

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All Flower Seeds, all Vegetable Seeds

Complete Planting Booklet, Vaughan's Garden, FREE

The Weekly Wriggle

A NEW GAME

Oledoc R. C. Fisher is writing an article on playing golf, the new game that has recently been invented, & they say is becoming quite popular although we have not seen (or saw) it (whichever is correct). They say golf is fascinating to some people in fact they become quite infatuated with it. It is supposed to be something like outdoor billiards or kelly pool. Oledoc Fisher says the game should not be played continuously day in and day out including Sundays and holidays more than 12 or 13 hours each day. Otherwise it is liable to become a bad habit or as he puts it a obsession (which the doctors say is incurable they never having found the germ or serum for it). The only thing that helps is a operation at an expense of \$250.00 not including the nurse or room.

PROMINENT VISITOR

Ed Doherty of the Chgo Herald local staff was back in town with his pretty young wife, showing her the skenes of his childhood days. Eddie was quite flush for a married man and treated a lot of the boys, including ye editor, to brown and white pop at Doc G. Frank Lydston's famous blue front drug store. Eddie had a lot of interesting gossip about our townsmen's friends back in Chgo. He says among other things that Thornton Smith, a Pressing Club director and employed on the Assassinated Press, was left a fine legacy by the death of a distant relative (in the Balkans, probably). The legacy consisted of more than 600 Untied Cigar Stores coupons. For 600 coupons a dress shield (pair of 'em) or a ostrich plume may be had.

We saw Walt Washburne moving his lawn tie last week while his pilot fish, Stan Mitch, was raking in something or other.

JIPTOWN OPRY HOUSE NOTES

The Employes of the Nut Factory at Jepton have Organized a Dramatic Society and are Busily Engaged in Rehearsing a Bran New Tradelegy by Rubidubdub Jones, called "A Deuce of a Time in a Dark Basement."

It is a Historical or hysterical Drayma Based upon the Discovery of Seven Kings in a Pack of Cards Owned by Duke Benzimmer while with his Pack of Hounds Hunting Deuces Wild in the Royl Preserves. Now, 7 Kings in a Pack was Against the Law of the Kingdom so the Plot Thickens so Thick that the Audience can't see Straight and they Called for the Author, a Poor Innocent Foreign Peasant. So he Comes Before the Curtain to Make a Speech. But it is a Put Up Job, for the Audience has Appointed a Committee with a Strong Rope, and they take the Poor Unsuspecting Author out in the Public Square and Hang Him. They say it will be the Cutest Play ever Pulled Off in Jiptown.

WANTED—THE PARTY THAT fell in our cistern to return and clean it out. George Kavanagh, 12343 Vincennes road. * * *

FOUND—A MEDIUM SIZED, MIDDLE aged English bulldog. Anyone can have him who will pay for a new seat in my pants. No questions asked or answered. Bill McShultz, up over the Mastodon Poolroom. * * *

THE ELITE PHOTOGRAPH AND Shooting Gallery. Squint eyed babies and old maids a specialty. We take out the wrinkles and other blemishes. We touch and retouch. Bring in your dead relatives for enlargement. Five shots for a dime. Clay pigeon shoots every Friday. * * *

FOR SALE—EIGHT-ROOM MODERN house by gentleman leaving town with two porches, southern exposure. * * *

NOTICE—THE MISGUIDED PERSON that jipped my umbrella had better bring it back, as he is known to the gentleman from whom I borrowed it last August. Mr. Daughernaits, Box 77, Winkles office. * * *

WHAT BOB ROHDE HAS LOST

They are calling Bob H. Rohde, star reporter on the Tribune, "Skinny" now just because he has lost three or four pounds of weight recently. This is entirely uncalled for when one stops to consider that the six feet or so of Bob still weighs in at about 200 lbs., troy.

NOTABL ANNIVERSARY

Engene Skinkel celebrated his 36th wedding anniversary May 10, during which time he has never applied for divorce.



Our printing plant is rented quarters fifteen years ago

Place Your Large Printing Orders



Our Printing Plant in our own building to-day

One of the largest and most complete printing plants in the United States

In the Hands of a Large, Absolutely Reliable Printing House
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Also Printing, requiring the same material and workmanship as the above, such as Proceedings, Directories, Histories, Books and the like.

Our Complete Service, all or any part of which is at your command, embraces:
Copy Writing—Illustrating—Engraving—Electrotyping—Typesetting—Machine and Hand—Presswork—Binding—Mailing.

Our up-to-date labor-saving equipment enables us to make exceptionally low prices and prompt delivery on our specialties. **Q** The education of our employees concentrated on the similar direction on the one class of printing in which we specialize, makes the workmen more skillful. **Q** Our plant is in operation day and night all the year around. Quality work handled by daylight only. Our organization is excellent. When you put an order for printing in our care you insure yourself.

QUICK DELIVERY—LOW PRICES—HONEST PRINTING
Our business has been built up by satisfied customers, by repeat orders. For some reason, printing orders, especially the larger ones, come to us from all the large cities and states from Maine to Texas. Let us know when you will expect to be in the market for any of our specialties and we will be at the right time we will draw your attention again to our unusual facilities. **Q** You owe it to yourself and your firm to find out what we can do for you.

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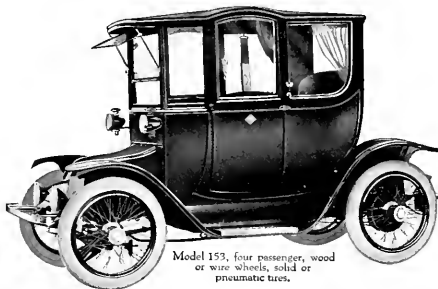
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Enjoy this 7 Day Cruise \$ 40

Over 2,000 miles on Four Great Lakes, meals and berth included.

Through Lakes Michigan, Huron, St. Clair and Erie via Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, and historic Mackinac Island, viewing both ways by daylight the beautiful scenery of the Detroit River and St. Clair Flats, "the Venice of America," stopping at all points of interest. Twelve hours' stop at Buffalo allows plenty of time to see Niagara Falls.

Beginning July 1st, leaves Chicago every Thursday at 11 A. M. Just a week's trip, but passengers are permitted free stop-overs at all points of call for a week or longer. To accommodate passengers, automobiles carried at special rates.

The Magnificent 3,000 ton Steel Chicago to Buffalo S. S. "MINNESOTA" (Niagara Falls) & Return

Our line of steamers offers you the greatest possible opportunity for real rest and genuine pleasure.

Here are shorter trips, equally enjoyable while they last, which you can take if you feel that you have time only for an occasional outing:

S. S. "MANITOU"

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For Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, Petoskey and Mackinac Island

Leaves Chicago Mondays 11:30 A. M., Wednesdays 2 P. M., Fridays 6:30 P. M.

S. S. "ILLINOIS"

4 SAILINGS EACH WEEK

Effective June 23

For Ludington, Hamlin Lake, Manistee, Onekama & Frankfort.

Leaves Chicago Mon., Wed. and Sat., at 7 P. M., Fridays at 6 P. M.

Elegant STEEL S. S. "MISSOURI" \$ 34

to Kagawong, Ont., (Georgian Bay)

and Return

5 Day Cruise, Meals and Berth included.

Via Mackinac Island, The "Soo," St. Mary's River, stopping at all points of interest. During season, leaves Chicago every Monday at 4:00 p. m. First Trip June 26.

North Channel and the shores of Manitoulin Island. S. S. "Missouri" also makes special trip each week to Onekama, Frankfort, Glen Haven and Glen Arbor, leaving Chicago Saturdays at 4 p. m. First Trip June 26.



Previous to June 23 Three Sailings Weekly to Northern Michigan Ports

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In Prizes Every Eve.
MISS JOAN SAWYER and MR. MARGAUBT Will Personally Judge During First Week.

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Vacations \$1 to \$5 Per Day.

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A new mammoth mountain hotel, the "Many-Glacier," has been erected on Lake McDermott, in the Park's heart—one of America's most notable tourist hotels. The gateway hotel, the "Glacier Park"—at the Great Northern's trackside—and nine enlarged chalet groups complete a chain of hostleries thoroughly delightful.

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By through overland trains, from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Kansas City, via Glacier Park, Spokane, Cascade Mountains, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland—enroute a tour of Glacier National Park—aboard new steamships Great Northern and Northern Pacific a voyage down the Pacific, Portland via Astoria to San Francisco—travel this "Great Northern way" going to, or returning from the Expositions.

Send for Free Glacier Park literature—"Hotels and Tours," "Aeroplane Map Folder" and "Walking Tours Book"—and Expositions Folder. Clip the coupon and mail.

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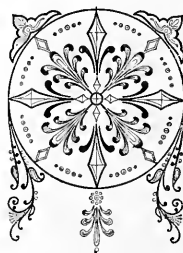
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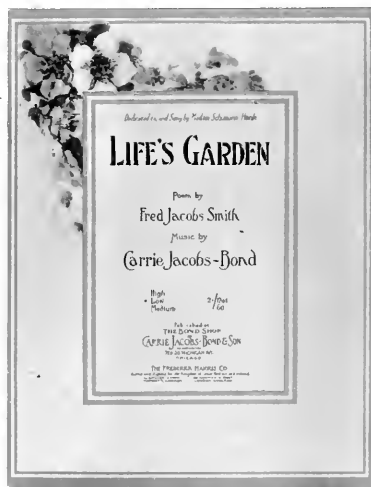
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That pleased us immensely. We are a'ways “**just going to press**”—always in the thick of the big Advertising and Merchandising things that are making **current** business history. We are always in the heart of new Campaigns — analyzing propositions, investigating conditions, building **forthcoming** Plans and Copy to meet the changing conditions of the market.

It requires an unusual organization to handle the quality and quantity of fast-moving business that goes out of our office every day—to insure maximum results from every advertising dollar spent.

For while speed is maintained, it must be safe speed. Our methods are decisive but sure—swift but unhurried. Judgment is on the job.

We have planned and are manned for **results**.

We will be glad to send a member of our organization to consult with you without obligation.

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What could be finer for to-morrow's breakfast than rich, crisp Supreme bacon served with fresh guaranteed Supreme eggs? Serve these foods to-morrow, and see how really delicious a breakfast can be. There is a Supreme dealer near you who sells

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You don't "pay for the name" when you buy something "SPALDING."

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